

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Tales of My Landlord. New Series; containing the Fair Witch of Glas Llyn. 3vols. 12mo. pp. 984. London, 1821.

THERE is nothing so dangerous to persons of ordinary talents, as to assume lofty pretensions. The author of the New Series of the *Tales of My Landlord*, in adopting a title consecrated by a thousand pleasurable recollections, and in aspiring to the discarded mantle of the renowned Jedediah Cleishbotham, has subjected himself to a test and a comparison as unfortunate as it was ill advised. But of comparison we must not speak, for works so totally dissimilar may be contrasted, but cannot be compared to each other.

'Pontefract Castle,' the first of this New Series, was a political novel, and the publisher, in a preface to this work, of nearly fifty pages, has defended its political character, and inserted some long articles which appeared in the 'New Times,' to prove that the reformers of the present day are like those in the time of Cromwell; and the secret societies like the Illuminati and Carbonari of modern times. By the by, the author has an instinctive horror of secret societies; he has alluded to them in the present novel; but we confess, if their founders made no better use of them than he does, there would be nothing to fear from them.

We know not under what class of novels to place the 'Fair Witch of Glas Llyn.' It is historical and political; indeed it is almost every thing but moral, for, through the whole of the three volumes, there is scarcely one moral sentiment; virtue and vice are left to struggle with each other without the slightest interference on the part of the author. The scene of the novel is in Wales, and the period of the events, the commencement of the reign of Henry IV. The hero of the tale is Sir Owain Glyndwr, alias Owen Glendower, whose insurrection forms part of the subject of Shakespeare's play of Henry the Fourth. Glyndwr is a ferocious chieftain, who ravages the country with fire and sword, and who has scarcely one redeeming virtue. It is not, however, to his deeds of arms that the novel is confined; it dwells chiefly on an unhallowed attachment which he has for Gwenllian, the heroine and the Fair Witch of Glas Llyn, whom he has brought up as his daughter, and who, while he seeks her hand or to seduce her, confidently believes that he is her own father. The author, after gloating over this, at least attempted, moral incest, tells us that she is not the daughter of the chief; but Glyndwr, however, had a wife, and several daughters, to whom this lady had been introduced as a sister; and, therefore, this is no palliation of his crime. This crime, which it is impossible to contemplate in the

remotest degree without horror, is a favourite theme with the author, for he makes the chief's son in love with his supposed sister: whether he knew it at the time or not seems doubtful, and the author has arrayed the assertion of Glyndwr, that he did, against other authority. After stating this much, we are sure our readers will spare us a detail of the plot; it is sufficient to say, that the novel dwells principally on the adventures of Gwenllian, in endeavouring to escape the outrage of Glyndwr, and that the story ends with the marriage of the lady to Sir Philip ap Rhys; of one daughter of Glyndwr, to Lord Grey, who had been taken prisoner by him; and of another daughter, to Edward Mortimer, the claimant of the crown of England. Glyndwr is crowned prince of Wales, and, without any remorse for past conduct, determines that, in future 'his country shall be his only mistress, and her prosperity his only care.'

The style of this novel is often coarse, though sometimes vigorous, yet bordering on extravagance; it is abundantly interspersed with Welch phrases, and French and Latin quotations, which are not always well chosen. The author of an historical novel ought to know something of the fashions and customs of the period of which he writes, as well as the events; this knowledge cannot, however, be claimed by our author. What are we to think of a writer who makes Welshmen sleep on ottomans, at the close of the fourteenth century, and describes a lady of that day wearing, 'over a dress of white muslin, a green silk shawl, and green ribbons on a gipsy straw-hat.' Why this exceeds Mr. Dibdin, who, in his admirable burlesque of the 'Siege of Troy,' arms Thersites with a musket, and makes him smoking a pipe. We wonder that our author did not add, that this lady with the muslin dress, purchased it at Mrs. Bell's *Magazin des Modes*; or, that she made it herself, from the patterns in Ackerman's Repository or La Belle Assemblée. This is one of the inconsistencies of this novel, and several others might be pointed out. We will not, however, pursue the subject farther, but beg of the author to drop Jedediah's mantle, since it has failed to inspire him, and take his fair chance among the host of common-place novel writers. We ought to observe, that the author's poetry is better than his prose, and that there are some pretty pieces interspersed in these volumes, of which the following is a specimen:—

O sweet is the memory of pleasures departed,
When we gaze on the scenes of those pleasures once more;
To each shore, to each rock, to each grove is imparted,
A language which echoes the language of yore.
But ah! not to me is the joy, for there meet me,
Where pleasures once dwelt, the dark groupings of care;
The voice of my friends is not eager to greet me,
Where are they? I call, and the echo says, "Where?"

Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia, &c. By G. Belzoni.

(Continued from our last, p. 773.)

M. BELZONI being obliged to write to the British consul at Cairo, for a boat to convey the head of Memnon, had it watched night and day, and afterwards inclosed in earth, while he proceeded up the Nile. At Edfu, are the ruins of a temple, which may be compared with that of Tentyra, (described in our last,) in point of preservation, and is superior in magnitude. It is surrounded by a high thick wall, which extends from each side of the propylæon, so as to inclose the whole building. Not only the temple, but every part of the wall, is covered with hieroglyphics and figures. 'On looking,' says M. B., 'at an edifice of such magnitude, workmanship, and antiquity, inhabited by a half savage people, whose huts are stuck against it not unlike wasps' nests, and to contrast their filthy clothes with these sacred images, that once were so highly venerated, makes one strongly feel the difference between the ancient and modern state of Egypt.' At Assouan, our author was told the following Arabian tradition:—

'There is in this spot, say the Arabs, great treasure, left by an ancient king of the country, previous to his departure for the upper part of the Nile, on a war against the Ethiopians. He was so avaricious, that he did not leave his family any thing to live on; and he was in close friendship with a magician, whom he appointed to guard his treasure till his return. But no sooner was he gone, than his relations attempted to take possession of the treasure; the magician resisted, was killed in the defence of his charge, and changed to an enormous serpent, which devoured all his assailants. The king is not yet returned, but the serpent still keeps watch over the treasure; and once every night, at a particular position of the stars, he comes out of the caves with a powerful light on his head, which blinds all that attempt to look at it. He is of an enormous size, descends to the Nile, where he drinks; and then returns to his cave, to watch the treasure till the king returns.'

M. Belzoni being anxious to ascend the Nile to the second cataract, with some difficulty, and at considerable cost, procured a boat at the Island of Elephantine. Speaking of the Aga and his courtiers, in their 'rags and finery,' but which was their gala attire, as it was the feast of the Ramadan, M. B. says,—

'I cannot describe the motley confused manner in which this great divan was decorated: one had a new tunic of their brown cloth, and a ragged turban; another had a fine turban, and a ragged tunic; a third, without turban or tunic, had a fine red woollen shawl round his body; the aga himself was uncommonly dirty and showy, being dressed in green and red, and without a shirt on his back. He came on board with all his suite. I observed the reis, whom I had brought from Morada, advance to kiss the hand of the aga; but he refused with an angry look, saying to him, "Do you dare to hinder me from letting a boat?"—I then told the aga that, if my taking a boat from any one but himself would cause a disturbance, I would rather return back, as I was not anxious to see a country where there was nothing to interest me, and which would occasion me such enormous expense. At this, he became all at once very mild; and still more so when I told him, that I was determined to return, and not go any farther, as my patience was worn out with the number of obstacles thrown in my way. The result was, that he offered me his boat at the price a Nubian would have paid; and with the positive condition, that it should be entirely at my disposal, to stop where

I pleased, go where I pleased, and take us to the second cataract and back again; that it mattered not how long I should stay in a place, even a fortnight if I liked it; that the reis should be obliged to bring on board four other sailors besides himself, supply them with provision, and give us all the assistance and information in his power; and for all this accommodation I was to pay the sum of 200 piastres, or twenty dollars, which was less than I should have had to pay if I had kept the former boat from Cairo, as I incurred no extra expenses. The first demand of the aga was 50,000 paras, equal to about 120 dollars. Our luggage was to be sent on board the next morning on camels, and we ourselves set off in the evening.'

In the island of Philæ, our traveller observed several blocks of stone with hieroglyphics on them, in great perfection, that might be taken away, and an obelisk of granite about twenty-two feet in length, and two in breadth, which might easily be removed. While proceeding up the Nile, they encountered some natives in a boat, who approached them in a hostile manner, but the resolution of Belzoni, aided by his wife, who armed herself with a pistol, prevented an attack. At a village named El Kalab-she, stand the ruins of a temple, which appear to have been destroyed by violence, and to be of later date than any other in Nubia:—

'On the water-side, before the temple, is a landing-place, which leads straight to the propylæon, as the gate of this does to the portico. The propylæon is in good preservation, but the portico is quite destroyed. There are two columns, and one pedestal, on each side of the door into the pronaos. They are joined by a wall raised to nearly half their height, which proves the late period when this temple was erected, as such a wall is clearly seen in all other temples of later date; and I would not hesitate to say, that Tentyra, Philæ, Edfou, and this temple, were erected by the Ptolemies; for though there is great similitude in all the Egyptian edifices, yet there is a certain elegance in the forms of the more recent, that distinguishes them from the older massy and enormous works; whence they appear to me to have been executed by Egyptians under the direction of Greeks. The pronaos and the cella are detached from the main wall all round; the intermediate space forms a gallery, so as to leave them isolated from the rest of the wall. The roof has fallen down, except a small portion on the chamber behind the adytum, in the wall of which there are several cells, merely large enough to contain a single person in each. They must have been either prisons for men, or places for the sacred animals. There are groups of figures on the walls of the cella, which retain their colours remarkably well; better, indeed, than in any other temple in Egypt; which I think is another proof of its being of later date than many others.'

About a quarter of a mile distant is a smaller temple, and the ruins of an ancient town, which M. Buckhardt thought was the town of Talmis. This town was no doubt built by the Greeks, as the pottery in the ruins is all of Greek manufacture; and a few months before M. Belzoni reached it, a Grecian lamp, with a chain, had been found in the temple. From Toski they saw many rocks, which resembled pyramids; some of them appeared to be about 200 feet high, and M. B. thinks it probable that these rocks suggested to the Egyptians the first idea of this form. The temples of Ybsambul next attracted the notice of our author, of which we extract the following account, as it shows his perseverance and resolution:—

'In the front of the minor temple are six colossal figures, which make a better appearance at a distance than when near them. They are thirty feet high, and are hewn out of the rock; as is also the large temple, which has one figure of an

enormous size, with the head and shoulders only projecting out of the sand; and, notwithstanding the great distance, I could perceive that it was beautifully executed. On the upper part or frieze of the temple, was a line of hieroglyphics, which covered the whole front: and above this, a range of figures in a sitting posture, as large again as life. The sand from the north side, accumulated by the wind on the rock above the temple, and which had gradually descended towards its front, choked the entrance, and buried two-thirds of it. On my approaching this temple, the hope I had formed of opening its entrance vanished at once; for the amazing accumulation of sand was such, that it appeared an impossibility ever to reach the door. We ascended a hill of sand at the upper part of the temple, and there found the head of a hawk projecting out of the sand only to its neck. From the situation of this figure, I concluded it to be over the door. From the size of the head, the figure must have been more than twenty feet high; below the figure there is generally a vacant space; so that, with the cornice over the door and the frieze, I calculated, that the door-way could not be less than thirty-five feet below the surface of the sand: and this distance would have accorded in proportion with the front of the temple, which is 117 feet wide. The sand run down in a slope from one side to the other, and to attempt to make an aperture straight through it to the door, would have been like making a hole in the water. It was necessary, therefore, to remove the sand in such a direction, that it might fall off from the front of the door; but, in doing this, the sand from above would continue to fall on the place whence that below was removed, and render it an endless task. Besides, the natives were wild people, totally unaccustomed to such labour, and knew nothing of working for money; indeed they were ignorant of money altogether. All these difficulties seemed such insurmountable obstacles, that they almost deterred me from the thought of proceeding; yet perseverance, stimulated by hope, suggested to me such means, that at last, after much exertion and two voyages thither, I had the satisfaction of entering the great Temple of Ybsambul.

‘Having taken a proper measurement of the front of the temple, and made a calculation, I found that, if I could persuade the people to work with persevering steadiness, I might succeed in the undertaking. I did not examine the small temple that night, as I wished early to reach the village of Ybsambul, and to see Osseyn Cacheff. The rocks out of which the temple is hewn, continue for about 200 yards southward, and then open into a flat country, where are some good spots of cultivated land on the banks of the Nile, abounding with palm-trees.’

Among the difficulties to be encountered in opening this temple, were the superstitions of the natives, which were not easily to be overcome by bribes, as money was there of no use, for it could not purchase food; indeed, our traveller appears to have first introduced money among the natives here. At the island of Mainarty, two men were taken on board to pilot the boat towards the cataract, as far as they could, which was a task of no small difficulty. M. B. says,—

‘We went on with the same strong north wind: and as we had plenty of water, advanced with our bark till we found ourselves so tossed about by the different currents and eddies, as to prevent our farther progress; and at the same time were so situated, that we could not return back, for fear of being driven against some of the rocks, which abounded on each side. Thus we were confined to one spot for about an hour. Sometimes we had a rapid start for a hundred yards; then all at once were stopped, and turned round, in spite of all our efforts, and of the north wind, which blew very hard. At last, we were caught on a sudden in one of the eddies of water, and driven against a rock concealed about two feet below the surface. The shock was terrible; and I must confess, having Mrs. Belzoni on board, I felt no small degree of alarm, as I

thought the boat was split in two. For my own part, perhaps I might have swam on shore; but Mrs. Belzoni was no small charge to me on this occasion. However, as it pleased God, and to my astonishment, there was no harm done. We succeeded in getting to the other side of the river as quickly as possible, and when we arrived, forgot all the danger we had just passed. We landed, and took our route on foot: Mrs. Belzoni, myself, the interpreter, the Janizary, the two men from the island, and four boys belonging to the bark; carrying with us some provision and water. We proceeded, on the rocks and over a plain of sand and stones, till we arrived at the rock called Apsir, which is the highest in the neighbourhood of the cataract, and commands a complete view of the falls. The prospect from this spot is magnificent. The several thousand islands you see, of various sizes and forms, with as many different falls of water, running rapidly onward, while counter-currents return with equal velocity, exhibit a diversified appearance, truly grand. The blackness of the stones, the green of the trees on the islands, intermixed with the white froth of the water, form a fine picture, which can scarcely be described or delineated.

‘Hence you see the four cultivated islands, which lie on the south, or the most remote part of the cataract. They are named as follows: Nuba, Gamnarty, Ducully; and Suckeyr; on the north side are two others, called Darge and Tabai. These islands are inhabited by a race of people who may be looked on as living in the most primitive state; for no one ever goes to them, nor do they ever quit their island. They are very few in number—in some of the islands not more than five or six; and they live on the produce of the few spots of ground they find on them, which they continually irrigate with the common machine named hade, consisting only of a piece of sheepskin and two sticks, by which they draw up the water. They have also a few sheep; and fabricate a cloth from cotton produced in the islands, in the same manner as they make that of wool.’

On the return down the Nile, our traveller stopped at Ybsambul, and got workmen to begin to clear away the sand from the temple, the interior of which the cacheff and his brother became anxious to see, expecting to find much wealth in it:—

‘They soon gave me to understand plainly,’ says M. B., ‘that all that was there was their own property; and that the treasure should be for themselves. Even the savages began to lay their account in the division of the spoil. I assured them that I expected to find nothing but stones, and wanted no treasure. They still persisted, that if I took away the stones, the treasure was in them; and, if I could make a drawing, or likeness of them, I could extract the treasure from them also, without their perceiving it. Some proposed, that if there were any figure discovered, it should be broken before I carried it away, to see the inside of it. Thus I plainly perceived, that on entering the temple, I should not be at liberty either to take notes of what was in it, or to make any drawings, much less to take away any statue, or any thing else that might be found. We went on with our labour, however, and, as I made a palisade with the palm-wood I had bought, I had no need of so many men, as they had only to clear the space between the palisade and the temple.

‘In the course of the morning, two of the men left the work, and went down the Nile to our boat. Finding Mrs. Belzoni on board, with only a little girl from the village, they were rather impertinent to her, and attempted so go on board in spite of all she could say to them, intending to rob the boat. At last she presented a pistol to them, on which they immediately retired, and ran up the hill. She followed, but they mixed with a number of their fellow savages, and it was impossible to find them out; for they were all like so many lumps of chocolate seated on the sand at work, and not to be distinguished the one from the other. At night, when I paid the men, the cacheff’s brother said, the money must be counted all in one heap, before it was divided among the

people. My interpreter, who was also my treasurer, accordingly counted the money on a piece of a ragged shawl, which he had no sooner done, than the cacheff's brother threw himself on it, and seized every piastre. The men looked at each other, but no one dared to say a word about it; and he took it all away with him. I observed to him, that his magic was much more sure in its operation than mine, for obtaining money. But I was pleased to find they had begun to know the worth of it so well.

I naturally expected that no one would come to work the next morning; but in this I was mistaken. As much of the sand had been taken away, the first palisade was insufficient. I made another, therefore, directly before the place where I supposed the entrance of the temple to be, to prevent the sand from falling against it. I now began to perceive clearly, that this work would employ more time than I could spare in that country, and the period I had meant to dedicate to it was already elapsed; but this would not have deterred me from proceeding, and no doubt I should have accomplished my undertaking, had it not been for a material cause which compelled me to quit the work for a time: this was for the want of that very article which, a few days before, was so despised and unknown; and now I absolutely could not proceed without it: it was money, which, even here, had shown its usual power among mankind, of exciting avarice, and of which those wild people soon became very fond. I had some water brought up from the Nile, and poured down close to the wall over the door. This stopped the sand from running, till I had a hole made so deep, that I could perceive it required a longer time than I could stay, and more money than I could then afford. I had by this time removed so much sand, as to uncover twenty feet in the front of the temple. The colossal statues above the door were completely exposed; and one of the great colossi sitting before the temple, on the north side, which was buried in the sand, appeared with his face and shoulders like his companion on the south. Having obtained a promise from the cacheff, that he would not let any one touch the place till my return, which would be in a few months, I contented myself with putting a mark where the sand was before I commenced the operation; and, after taking a drawing of the exterior of the temple, quitted it, with a firm resolution of returning to accomplish its opening.

M. Belzoni having procured a boat, embarked the bust of Memnon, and conveyed it safe to Alexandria, from whence it was sent to England. While M. B. had been thus employed, Captain Cabillia had ventured into the well of the first pyramid of Gaza:—

His enterprize was hazardous and bold, and nothing but an enthusiasm for discovery could induce a man to take such a step. The consul, with Mr. Briggs, Mr. Beechey, and myself, went to see the operations that were going on. Captain Cabillia's circumstances were much better than mine; but he had no superfluous wealth at command, to continue what he had begun, which required a supply beyond his means. Mr. Briggs was the first who generously offered to furnish money for this purpose; and, after a consultation with Mr. Salt, they agreed to support the work to any extent that might be required. This gentleman not only encouraged the undertaking at the pyramid, but has exerted his influence with Mahommed Ali, for the general advantage of the commerce of Europe, as I shall have occasion to mention hereafter. The enterprise of Captain Cabillia is worthy the attention of every one interested in antiquities, as he has solved a question, by which the learned world has been puzzled for many centuries. The famous well, which has given rise to so much conjecture, turns out to be a communication with a lower passage, leading into an inferior chamber, discovered and opened by himself. He first descended the well to the depth of thirty-eight feet, where his progress was stopped by four large stones. Three of these being removed, there was

space enough for a man to pass through; but the fourth he could not stir, though he had the help of Mr. Kabitsch, a young man in the employment of Mr. Baghos, who bore a share of the expense with the captain. Twenty-one feet below this place they found a grotto, seventeen feet long and four high; and seven feet below this, a platform, from which the well descended two hundred feet lower. The captain went down, and at the bottom found earth and sand; but from the hollow sound under his feet, he judged, that the passage must communicate with some other apartment below. He then set some Arabs at work, to remove the sand; but the heat was so great, and the candles so incapable of burning, for want of oxygen, that they were compelled to desist. The captain then turned his researches to another quarter, and began to enlarge the entrance into the first passage of the pyramid. For this operation he was well rewarded; for by it he found, that the passage continued downward; and having employed several men, and taken out a great deal of earth and rubbish, at last, after a long and arduous toil, he came in contact with the bottom of the well, where he found the baskets and rope which had been left there. The same day that this occurred, was that on which we had agreed to visit the pyramids, and I had the pleasure to be an eye-witness of the arduous task of Captain Cabillia. Proceeding in his laborious researches, he found, that the passage led into a chamber cut out of the rock, under the centre of the pyramid.

Captain C. made several researches round the pyramids also, but none exceeded his toil in uncovering the front of the great sphinx. He found a small temple between the two paws, and a large tablet of granite on its breast. The tablet is adorned with several figures and hieroglyphics, and two representations of sphinxes are sculptured on it. Before the entrance into the small temple was a lion, placed as if to guard the approach. Farther on from this front of the sphinx is a stair-case, of thirty-two steps, at the bottom of which is an altar, with a Greek inscription, of the time of the Ptolemies. At each side of the altar was a sphinx of calcareous stone, much mutilated. From the base of the temple to the summit of the head, is sixty-five feet; the legs of the sphinx are fifty-seven feet long, from the breast to the extremity of the paws, which are eight feet high. Forty-five feet from the first altar, he found another, with an inscription, alluding to the Emperor Septimus Severus; and near to the first step was a stone, with another Greek inscription, alluding to Antoninus. Notwithstanding his own occupation about the sphinx, Captain Cabillia employed other people to carry on other researches. He opened some of the mausoleums which were choked up with sand, and found several small chambers, with hieroglyphics and figures, some of them pretty well executed, and in good preservation. In one of the pits he found some mummies, in their linen envelopes, and various fragments of Egyptian antiquity. He also opened some of the smaller pyramids, and from the suggestion of Mr. Briggs, to follow a certain direction, he succeeded in finding the entrance into one of them; but it appears, that it was so decayed in the interior, he could advance only a few feet in it. No doubt this led into some chamber or apartment, containing, perhaps, a sarcophagus, &c.

Mr. Salt proposed to M. Belzoni to join the captain in his researches, but he was anxious to try his own skill in the discovery of antiquities, and, therefore, proposed to ascend the Nile a second time, and open the temple at Ylsambul, which was readily assented to by the consul.

(To be continued.)

An Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, &c.

(Continued from p. 775.)

THE second part of this volume, which contains the more immediate labours of Mr. Jackson, (although Shabeeny's

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narrative owes much to him in the way of elucidation,) consists of letters, giving an account of various journeys through West and South Barbary, performed by the author, who accompanied the Emperor Soliman from Fas to Marocco. Independent of the information relating to commerce, and to the state of African civilization, there are a variety of anecdotes, which are desultory, and the introduction of which Mr. Jackson thus prefaces: 'In recording the following anecdotes and fragments, the naked truth is stated, without the embellishments of language or the labour of rhetoric, which the wiser part of mankind have always approved of, as the most instructive way of writing.' Before we select a few of these detached passages, we shall quote our author's opinion on gaining a knowledge of the interior of Africa, which, from his experience, is entitled to attention. He says,—

'It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," that our knowledge of Africa should increase, so as to enable us to unravel the mystery of these doubtful reports, to ascertain the degree of credit that is due to these mysterious traditions. These desiderata, however, can hardly be expected, whilst the present injudicious plans for the discovery of Africa are persevered in. We must, if we desire to discover effectually the hidden recesses and reported wonders of this continent, adopt plans and schemes very different from any that have hitherto been suggested; we must adopt a grand system upon an extensive scale, a system directed and moved by a person competent to so great an undertaking. The head or director of such an expedition should be master of the general travelling and trafficking language of Africa—the modern Arabic: he should moreover be acquainted with the character of the people, their habits, modes of life, religious prejudices, and fanaticism. A grand plan, thus directed, could hardly fail to secure the command of the commerce of Africa to Great Britain. Then the discovery of the inmost recesses would follow the path of commerce, and that continent, which has baffled the researches of the moderns as well as of the ancients, would lay open its treasures to modern Europe, and civilization would be the natural result. Then would be the period to attempt the conversion of the Negroes to Christianity; and the standard of peace and good-will towards men might be successfully planted on the banks of the Nile El Kabeer, or Nile Asudan, the Great Nile, or Nile of Sudan, or Nigriti, commonly called the Niger.'

We lately gave an account of the Himala Mountains, from Mr. Fraser's work, and we now extract Mr. Jackson's description of the noble chain of the Atlas Mountains, which he passed while with the army of the emperor and son, Abdel Melk, the governor of Santa Cruz:—

'Ascending the Atlas,' he says, 'after five hours' ride, we reached a table-land, and pitched our tents near a sanctuary. The temperature of the air is cooler here, and the trees are of a different character; apples, pears, cherries, walnuts, apricots, peaches, plums, and rhododendrons, were the produce of this region. The next morning, at five o'clock, the army struck their tents, and after ascending seven hours more, we met with another change in vegetation. Leguminous plants began to appear; pines of an immense size, ferns, the belute, a species of oak, the acorn of which is used as food, and is preferred to the Spanish chesnut; elms, mountain ash, seedra and snobar, the two latter being a species of the juniper. After this we passed through a fine campaign country, of four hours' ride; we were informed that this country was very populous; but our fakeer and guide avoided the habitations of men. We now began again to ascend these magnificent and truly romantic mountains, and in two hours approached partial coverings of snow. Vegetation here diminishes, and nothing is now seen but firs, whose tops appear above the snow; the cold is here intense; and it is remark-

able, that the pullets' eggs that we procured in the campaign country just described, were nearly twice the size of those of Europe. Proceeding two hours further, we came to a narrow pass, on the east side of which was an inaccessible mountain, almost perpendicular, and entirely covered with snow; and on the west, a tremendous precipice, of several thousand feet in depth, as if the mountain had been split in two, or rent asunder by an earthquake; the path is not more than a foot wide, over a solid rock of granite. Here the whole army dismounted, and many prostrated in prayer, invoking the Almighty to enable them to pass in safety; but, however, notwithstanding all possible precaution, two mules missed their footing, and were precipitated with their burthens into the yawning abyss. There is no other pass but this and that of Belawin, which is equally dangerous for an army; so that the district of Suse, which was formerly a kingdom, might be defended by a few men, against an invading army from Marocco of several thousands, by taking a judicious position at the southern extremity of this narrow path and tremendous precipice, which is but a few yards in length. Proceeding northward through this defile, we continued our journey seven hours, (gradually descending towards the plains of Fruga, a town of considerable extent, distant about fifteen miles from the mountains.) Proceeding two hours further, making together nine hours' journey, the army pitched their tents, and we encamped on another table-land, on the northern declivity of Atlas, at the entrance of an immense plantation of olives, about a mile west of a village, called Ait Musie, a most luxuriant and picturesque country. The village of Ait Musie contains many Jews, whose external is truly miserable, but this appearance of poverty is merely political, for they are a trading and rich people, for such a patriarchal country. The olive plantations at this place, and in many other parts of this country, do honour to the agricultural propensity of the Emperor Muley Ismael, who planted them. They cover about six square miles of ground; the trees are planted in right lines, at a proper distance; the plantation is interspersed with openings, or squares, to let in the air. These openings are about a square acre in extent.

'In travelling through the various provinces of South and West Barbary, these extensive plantations of olives are frequently met with, and particularly throughout Suse. It appeared that they were all planted by the Emperor Muley Ismael, whose indefatigable industry was proverbial. Wherever that warrior, (who was always in the field,) encamped, he never failed to employ his army in some active and useful operation, to keep them from being devoured by the worm of indolence, as he expressed it. Accordingly, wherever he encamped, we meet with these extensive plantations of olive trees, planted by his troops, which are not only a great ornament to the country, but produce abundance of fine oil. The olive plantations at Ras El Wed, near Terodant, in Suse, are so extensive, that one may travel from the rising to the setting sun under their shade, without being exposed to the rays of the effulgent African sun.

'We remained encamped at Ait Musie three days, amusing ourselves by hawking with the prince's falconer, and hunting with the antelope. Early in the morning of the fourth day, we descended the declivity of the Atlas, and travelling eight hours, we reached the populous town of Fruga, situated in the same extensive plain wherein the city of Marocco stands. From this village to Marocco, a day's journey, the country is one continued corn-field, producing most abundant crops of wheat and barley, the grain of which is of an extraordinary fine quality, and nearly twice the size of the wheat produced at the Cape of Good Hope.

'On our approach to the metropolis, the emperor sent to princes that were at Marocco, to welcome the Prince Abd El Melk. They were accompanied by 100 cavalry, who saluted our prince with the Moorish compliment of running full gallop and firing their muskets. These princes, who were relations of Abd El Melk, son of Abd Salam, shook hands with him respectively, and then kissed their own. This is the salutation

when friends of equal rank meet. We entered the city of Marocco at the Beh El Mushoir, which is the gate situated near the palace and place of audience, towards the Atlas Mountains. The next day I had an audience of the emperor, who received me in (the Jenan En neel) the garden of the Nile, a small garden adjoining the palace, containing all the fruits and plants from the Nile of Egypt. The (worde fillelly) Tafileltrose grows in great luxuriance in this garden, resembling that of China; the odour is very grateful and strong, perfuming the air to a considerable distance. This is the rose, from the leaves of which the celebrated (attar el worde) i. e. distillation of roses is made; vulgarly called in Europe, otto of roses.

Our few remaining extracts neither require comment nor introduction; they are varied, but each complete in itself; and first of,—

Leprosy.—There is, near to the walls of Marocco, about the north west point, a village, called (*Deshira el Jeddah*) i. e. the village of Lepers. I had a curiosity to visit this village; but I was told that any other excursion would be preferable; that the Lepers were totally excluded from the rest of mankind; and that, although none of them would dare to approach us, yet the excursion would be not only unsatisfactory, but disgusting. I was, however, determined to go; I mounted my horse, and took two horse-guards with me, and my own servant. We rode through the Lepers' town; the inhabitants collected at the doors of their habitations, but did not approach us; they, for the most part, showed no external disfigurement, but were generally sallow; some of the young women were very handsome; they have, however, a paucity of eyebrow, which, it must be allowed, is somewhat incompatible with a beauty; some few had no eye-brows at all, which completely destroyed the effect of their dark animated eyes. They are obliged to wear a large straw hat, with a brim about nine inches wide; this is their badge of separation, a token of the division between the clean and unclean, which, when seen in the country or on the roads, prevents any one from having personal contact with them. They are allowed to beg, and accordingly are seen by the side of the roads, with their straw hat badge, and a wooden bowl before them, to receive the charity of passengers, exclaiming, (*attanie ma'ta Allah*) "bestow on me the property of God:" (*kulshie m'ta Allah*) "all belongs to God!" reminding the passenger that he is a steward of, and accountable for the appropriation of his property; that he derives his property from the bounty and favour of God. When any one gives them money, they pronounce a blessing on him; as (*Allah e zeed kherik*) "may God increase your good," &c. The province of Haha abounds in Lepers; and it is said that the Arganic oil, which is much used in food throughout this picturesque province, promotes this loathsome disease!

Domestic Serpents.—Every house in Marocco has, or ought to have, a domestic serpent; I say ought to have, because those that have not one, seek to have this inmate, by treating it hospitably when one appears; they leave out food for it to eat during the night, which gradually domiciliates this reptile. These serpents are reported to be extremely sagacious, and very susceptible. The superstition of these people is extraordinary; for rather than offend these serpents, they will suffer their women to be exposed during sleep to their performing the office of an infant. They are considered in a house, emblematical of good or prosperity, as their absence is ominous of evil. They are not often visible; but I have seen them passing over the beams of the roof of the apartments. A friend of mine was just retired to bed at Marocco, when he heard a noise in the room, like something crawling over his head; he arose, looked about the room, and discovered one of these reptiles, about four feet long, of a dark colour; he pricked it with his sword, and killed it, then returned to bed. In the morning he called to him the master of the house, where he was a guest, and telling him he had attacked the serpent, the Jew was chagrined, and expostulated

with him, for the injury he had done him; apprehensive that evil would visit him, he intimated to his guest, that he hoped he would leave his house, as he feared the malignity of the serpent; and he was not reconciled until my friend discovered to him that he had actually killed the reptile.

The Sultan Muley Ismael compared his subjects to a bag full of rats. 'If you let them rest,' said the warrior, 'they will know a hole in it; keep them moving, and no evil will happen.' So if his subjects were kept continually occupied, the government went on well; but if left quiet, seditions would quickly arise. This sultan was always in the tented field, and he would say, that he should not return to his palace until the tents were rotten; rest and rebellion were with him synonymous terms.

Mr. Jackson's observations on the language and customs of the Arabs, are curious and interesting, and his account of the geography of the country is deserving the attention of government, to whom the author recommends a plan which would promote civilization among the Negroes, and establish a most lucrative system of commerce.

1. *Popular Voyages and Travels throughout the Continent and Islands of Europe, in which the Geography, Character, Customs, and Manners of Nations are described; and the Phenomena of Nature, most worthy of Observation, are Illustrated on Scientific Principles.* By Mrs. Jamieson. 8vo. pp. 506. London, 1820.

2. *Popular Voyages and Travels throughout the Continents and Islands of Asia, Africa, and America, &c.* By the same. 8vo. pp. 478. London, 1820.

We have had more than one occasion of speaking favourably of Mrs. Jamieson as a writer. This lady possesses the happy talent of clothing, in an agreeable style and in elegant diction, subjects which, in themselves, in the ordinary dry detail, might not be deemed sufficiently attractive for youth, who thus acquire knowledge almost imperceptibly. The subjects of the present volumes are, however, sufficiently interesting in almost any hands; they, therefore, could not suffer in those of Mrs. Jamieson, who has not made a mere compilation, but has introduced the subject in a regular and connected manner, in the narrative of a young gentleman and his tutor, who are supposed to visit successively the scenes and countries which they describe. The scientific remarks and elucidations, and the explanations of the phenomena of nature, which are always introduced when necessary, give an additional value to the interesting descriptions which the work contains. As we wish to give an extract, we take one almost at random, but which, we are sure, will be deemed interesting: it is

The Life of Cervantes.—"You once promised us, Sir," said Edward to Dr. Walker, as they scudded under a gentle breeze, "to relate to us the most prominent features in the life of Cervantes, the celebrated author of Don Quixote."

"And now," replied his friend, "I will fulfil that promise.—I need not tell you that Cervantes was a Spaniard; he was destined, by his parents, for the church; or else they wished him to study physic; the two professions, and the only ones which were useful and profitable, at that time, in Spain. But Cervantes had the misfortune to prefer making verses to deeper studies; yet his first poetic attempts were not attended with much success. His elegy upon the death of Queen Isabella, and a small poem, entitled Filène, were coolly received;

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and Cervantes, in disgust, quitted his native country and settled at Rome, where he was reduced to such extremity, as to hire himself, as valet, to Cardinal Aquaviva. Disgusted, however, with his employment, he became a soldier, and, at the battle of Lepanto, he was wounded and maimed in his right hand.

"In consequence of this misfortune, he was placed in the hospital at Messina. When he quitted this asylum, he went to Naples, where he enrolled himself as one of the garrison of that place. Here he remained three years, after which, he embarked, on board a galley, for Spain, but was, unfortunately, captured by Arnaut Mami, and carried into Algiers. Arnaut Mami was one of the most formidable corsairs of his time; his name struck terror into the hearts of his enemies; he was a severe and cruel master, and in the service of this man, Cervantes passed many bitter hours. His courage, however, supported him under his sufferings, and, although he was certain of dying in torments if he attempted to procure his liberty and failed, his daring soul conceived and executed the following plan, in order to accomplish this first wish of every captive's heart. Fourteen Spanish slaves and himself resolved to attempt this almost hopeless undertaking; but what will not the love of liberty surmount? After many deliberations, it was agreed that one of them should be ransomed, and that this one should go back into his own country, and, having procured a vessel, he should return to Algiers, and, by night, take on board his companions. There were, however, many obstacles to conquer, before this could be accomplished. The ransom of one of the prisoners was to be gained: this was procured by alms and extra work; but so trifling was the money they got, that it took two whole years ere they could amass a sum sufficient for their purpose.

"The gardener of Arnaut Mami was two years also digging a cave by the sea side large enough to contain them—"

"I am very much afraid," said Edward, interrupting the doctor, "that my patience would have expired, and my hope also, long before two years had crept slowly away. Two years! they must have appeared two ages; but I beg your pardon, Sir, I interrupt you."

"Dr. Walker.—"But the most difficult task was the escape of the several slaves from their masters; this undertaking, perilous as it was, at length was effected: it, however, occupied six months more. Now imagine them all assembled in their cave, with their companion Vianne, a Majorcan, whom their joint labours had ransomed, and who, before he returned to his native country, came to pay one farewell visit to his friends. Imagine their hopes and fears when he took leave of them; he might be true, but he might be false, and although he had sworn to be faithful, yet they were convinced, that an oath was but a poor security where a simple promise was not considered binding. At length Vianne quitted them, amidst the anxious blessings, the most ardent hopes, and reiterated charges of his friends to observe the coast well, that he might have no difficulty in recognizing the important spot where his captive brethren were concealed. They gazed after him till he gradually disappeared, and, in a state of anxiety not to be described, they retired to the interior of the cave."

"If that Vianne proved a traitor, I hope he was drowned," said Edward.

"Cervantes," continued the Doctor, without taking any notice of this remark, "was the soul of the enterprise; 'twas he who went every night to the city to get provisions for himself and his companions, who cheered them in their solitude by repeating his certainty of success. But we must return to the Majorcan. Upon arriving at Majorca, he went to the viceroy, and disclosed to him his mission, entreating his assistance. The viceroy gave him a brigantine, and Vianne, elate with hope, sailed, instantly, to the assistance of his brethren.

"The gardener had no occasion to secrete himself, and, with eyes fixed upon the sea, he would watch, in the evening, by the hour together, for a sail. At length, on the 28th of September, A. D. 1577, one month after the departure of Vianne, he discovered in the horizon a small speck. With

straining eye balls he gazed upon this harbinger of joy, till, at length, he recognised the bark of his countryman. With a light and quick step he hastened to his captives in the cave, and communicated to them the pleasing intelligence. They were almost frantic with joy; they wept, they laughed, they embraced each other, and, by the most extravagant gesticulations, they declared their sorrows all forgotten. The two years and a half, which had occupied the completion of their project, now appeared but a momentary span. The bark approached close to the shore; its prow already grazed the sand; every heart beat high; home, and all its joys, rushed upon their imagination; but at this moment two or three Moors, passing by, discovered the Christians; the cry of "to arms" was immediately heard; Vianne, terrified, launched again into the deep, and the dejected captives returned once more, disconsolately, to their cave. Cervantes still encouraged them, telling them Vianne would return, when the danger was passed, but Vianne never did return."

"Then he was a traitor!" exclaimed Edward. "I cannot conceive any situation more melancholy than that of these unfortunate Spaniards; to see the boat and not to reach it. What became of them, Sir?"

"Dr. Walker.—"Disappointment, the dampness of the cave, and the smallness of their dwelling, combined against them. Many of them fell sick, and they all lost courage, except Cervantes; he nursed them, consoled them, fed them, and encouraged them; but the task was beyond one man's power, and he was obliged, at length, to depute one of his companions to go and get provisions. This fellow was, indeed, a traitor, for he went to the king of Algiers, embraced the Musselman faith, and disclosed the hiding place of his unfortunate companions, and himself conducted the soldiers to the spot. The thirteen Spaniards were immediately enchained and carried before the king. The prince offered them their lives, provided they would declare who was the author of the enterprise. "It was I," said Cervantes; "spare my brethren. Let me alone be sacrificed." The king respected his intrepidity, and restored him to his master, and Arnaut Mami himself spared his life, but the unfortunate gardener was hung up by one foot with his head downwards till he was suffocated.

"Cervantes' love of freedom was but increased by this bitter disappointment; four times he failed in his attempts for liberty, and the last he was on the point of being impaled. His final enterprise was to make all the slaves revolt, to attack Algiers, and to make himself master of the city. The conspiracy was discovered, and yet Cervantes was not put to death! So true it is that real courage is respected even by barbarians. The King of Algiers became anxious to possess so formidable a captive, and he accordingly bought him of Arnaut Mami. Cervantes was now strictly confined; but a short time after his change of masters, the prince being compelled to go to Constantinople, he sent to Spain to demand a ransom for his captive. Leonor de Cortinos, mother of Cervantes, was at this time a widow; she sold all that she had, and went to Madrid to deposit it in the hands of the Trinitarians, a religious order, established for the redemption of captives. But her little all was insufficient for the ransom of her son, the king having demanded 5000 golden crowns! The Trinitarians made up the deficiency, and Cervantes was redeemed, on the 29th of September, 1580, after five years' slavery. The Count Lemos patronized him upon his return to his native country, and his Don Quixote introduced him to the notice of the great and the good: he lived thirty-six years after his captivity, and died on the 23rd of April, 1616."

"Why," said Edward, "surely that was the day on which the immortal Shakespear died." "Just so," replied his friend, "two of the greatest geniuses which their respective countries have ever produced, and their works will, I hope, stand side by side in your library, Edward."

A View of the History, Literature, &c. of the Hindoos, &c.

[Concluded from p. 778.]

THE Hindoos, in their descriptions, indulge in the most extravagant hyperbole. A splendid palace they call the heaven of Vishnoo; a heavy rain, the deluge; a quarrel, the bloody contest between the Panduvus and the sons of Dhriturashtru, in which eighteen ukshouhinees were slaughtered. It may be necessary to explain to our readers that one ukshouhinee comprises 109,350 foot, 65,610 horses, 21,870 chariots, and 21,870 elephants.

'In directing their letters, as well as in the compliments prefixed to them, the Hindoos use the most extravagant address: the following may serve as specimens: To a king: "To the great, the excellent, the prosperous, the illustrious, king, Krishnu-Chundru-Rayn, the nourisher of multitudes from many countries, the fragrance of whose fame has spread through the whole world; at whose feet many kings, adorned with refulgent crowns, bow; whose glory makes his enemies shrink as the sun does the koiruvu; whose fame is pure as the queen of night; the priest of the perpetual sacrificial fire."—To a teacher: "To Ubheeshtudevu, the ferryman across the sea of this world, the teacher of the way of deliverance from sin, the sun-like remover of the great darkness springing from worldly attachment; the nut which removes the impurities of the soul; to thy feet I bow, the nails of which are like the horns of the half moon."—To a father: "To the excellent person, my father, the only author of my existence, my governor, whose mind drinks the honey on the water-lily feet of the deity; at thy feet, which drive away my darkness, I supplicate."—To a mother: "To my excellent and dignified mother, who bore me in her womb; who, feeding, nourishing, and comforting me, raised me to manhood; by whom I saw the world, and who gave me a body to perform the offices of religion; at thy feet I supplicate, which are the water-lilies on the reservoir of my heart."

'When a Hindoo sneezes, any person who may be present, says, "Live," and the sneezer adds, "With you." When he gapes, the gaper snaps his thumb and finger, and repeats the name of some god, as Ramu! Ramu! If he should neglect this, he commits a sin as great as the murder of a bramhun. When a person falls, a spectator says, "Get up." If he should not say this, he commits a great sin.'

The degraded state in which the Hindoo women are kept will appear from the following extracts:—

'The work of a house-wife is nearly as follows: after rising in the morning, in industrious families, she lights the lamp, and spins cotton for family garments; she next feeds the children with sweetmeats, or some parched rice, or milk; after this, she mixes cow-dung with water, and sprinkles it over the house floor to purify it. She then sweeps the house and yard, and mixing cow-dung, earth, and water together, smears the floor of the house, the bottom of the walls, and the veranda. After this, she eats a little cold boiled rice, and then cleans the brass and stone vessels with straw, ashes, and water. Her next work is to bruise the rice and other things in the pedal (dhenkee), or to boil the rice, in order to cleanse it from the husk. At ten or eleven o'clock, she takes a towel, and goes to bathe, accompanied by a few neighbours; some women, during bathing, make an image of the lingu, and worship it with the same forms as are used by the men; others merely bathe, and, after repeating a few formulas, bowing to the water, the sun, &c. which occupy about fifteen minutes, return home; but if the worship of the lingu is performed, it employs nearly an hour. At the time of bathing, the women rub their ornaments with sand, clean their bodies with the refuse of oil, and their hair with the mud of the river or pool. On her return, the female stands in the sun, and dries her hair; changes her wet clothes for dry ones; washes her feet on going into the house; and then applies herself to cooking. She first prepares the roots, greens, and fruits; then bruises

the spices, &c. by rolling a stone over them on another stone; and then prepares the fish or vegetables which are to be eaten with the rice, which she afterwards boils. The Hindoo fire-places are made of clay, and built in the yard, or cook-room. They also use a moveable fire-place, made of clay, which is round like a kettle, and has a hole in one side to admit the wood.

'If no stranger is present, the women wait on the men, but a Hindoo woman never sits down to eat with her husband; she and the younger children eat what he leaves. She never, indeed, mentions the name of her husband; but when she calls him, makes use of an interjection merely, as Hé! O! &c. When she speaks of him to others, she calls him master, or the man of the house. She never mixes in company, even at her own house, but remains in a separate room, while her husband sits smoking and talking with the guests. A woman does not change her name at the time of marriage.'

The wages of the country day-labourers, in many places, do not exceed a penny a-day; in other places, three half-pence; and, in some, two-pence; and it is astonishing how the Hindoos are able to live on such scanty earnings. But fire-wood, herbs, fruit, &c. cost them nothing; they wear no shoes nor hats; they lie on a mat, laid on the ground; the wife spins thread for her own and her husband's clothes, and the children go naked. The garments of a Hindoo farmer, for a year (two suits) cost only about five shillings. In country places houses are never rented; the poor man gives about two-pence annually, for the rent of a few yards of land, on which he rears his hut.

In a description of the country scenery we have some remarkable instances of instinct:—

'The insect called the fire-fly exhibits a beautiful appearance in this country, on a dark evening. When a vast number of these flies settle on the branches of a tree, they illuminate the whole tree, and produce one of the most pleasing appearances that exists in nature. The birds-nests hanging on trees are among the most curious productions of instinct I have ever seen: one kind, which is mostly suspended on the branches of the talu tree, contains a long round entrance from the bottom to the middle room, and at the top of that is the nest, inclosed and supported by a belt. Another kind has actually a trap-door to it, which the bird lifts up with its beak as it enters, and which falls down of its own accord after the bird has entered or flown out. Another of these hanging nests, equally curious, if not more so, is made with fine moss and hair, and inclosed in large leaves, actually sewed together with fibres by the bird,—certainly with the greatest propriety called the taylor bird.'

The proverbial sayings of the Hindoos, though very extravagant sometimes, possess great force; take, for example, the following, on evil dispositions:—

'A deceitful person is compared to the beam on which a lever plays: in the house of the bride-groom, he is the boy's aunt, and in the house of the bride, the girl's aunt;—a cruel person is compared to the executioner;—a hypocrite, to the sly paddy bird watching its prey;—a wicked person, to the bamboo of the wedding palanqueen, or to a bow;—two persons constantly at variance, to a snake and an ichneumon, or an owl and a crow; a cunning fellow, to the jackal, the crow, or the child whose father and mother died when it was an infant;—a mischievous person is called Narudu;—selfish persons are compared to the crows, who, though they eat every kind of flesh, will not permit other birds, with impunity, to devour that of the crow;—a handsome stupid fellow, to the flower of the cotton tree, or to a turnip;—endeavours to cultivate the friendship of a deceitful person, are like attempts to make a gap in the water;—a person who rises up against his benefactor, is compared to the dagger, which being stuck

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in the belt which surrounds the loins, pierces its owner ; or to a person conceiving a crab in her womb ;—a cruel person remains always the same ; efforts to change him are like attempts to wash a coal white with milk, or like planting in a soil of sugar a nimbu tree to make its leaves sweet. A mischievous person is compared to the saw with which the ornament-makers cut their shells, and which cuts ascending and descending. Hope in a faithless person, is like a bank of sand. When a person full of faults, exposes the faults of another, the Hindoos say, it is like a sieve blaming a needle for having a hole in it, or like a musk rat's charging a common rat with giving an offensive smell.

The letters of the Hindoos exhibit much affection and friendship, as will appear by the two following :—

Letter from a mother to her son.—Shree Shree Ramu. My Protector. To the fortunate Huree-nat'hu-bundopadhyayu, my son, more beloved than my own life. Long life to thee. To thee I write as follows :

'The highest of blessings, yea let a multitude of such blessings rest on you. More particularly, I am happy in always thinking of your prosperity. I received your letter, and am become acquainted with its contents. I received one hundred roopees which you sent by Ram-Mohun-senu ; and have expended it in the manner directed, as you will perceive.

'You write that your employer does not give you leave to be absent, and that therefore you cannot come to be present at the festival of Shree Shree Eeshwuree. This is very strange. It is now almost three years since you went from home. You are my only son ; I am constantly full of anxiety to see you : therefore you must speak to your employer, that he may, without fail, permit you to come to the festival, otherwise, before the festival, I shall come all the way to see you. What more shall I write ?

The answer.—Shree Shree Doorga. I Huree-nat'hu-devushurmunu, your servant, bowing innumerable times, respectfully write. Through your blessing, my present and future happiness are secure. I received your letter, and am become acquainted with the particulars ; but you do not write what things are prepared for the worship of Shree Shree Eeshwuree ; please to order them to be written. You write, that unless I come to the festival, you will come even thus far to see me. What can I do ? My employer does not grant me leave to come ; he is a very wicked fellow : he drinks spirits. I dare not repeatedly ask him for leave of absence ; who knows but he may be angry ? Therefore I write. Be not, on any account, anxious about me. I am well in every respect. As soon as I get leave, I will hasten home. This.

The letter of the son is directed 'To my mother, the worshipful goddess Shree-Mutee, to your water-lily feet, possessed of the fortune of Shree.'

When a woman is overwhelmed with grief for the death of her child, she sits at the door, or in the house, or by the side of the river, and utters her grief in the most plaintive and affectionate terms. If a female comes, and wishing to comfort her, asks why weep for your child ? the mourner replies :—'Ah ! mother ! the heart does not receive advice. Was *this* a child to be forgotten ? his forehead contained the marks of kingship. Ah ! my child !'

Having treated, at so great a length, on the religion, manners, and customs, of the Hindoos, we shall pass over their philosophy, between which and that of the Greeks Mr. Ward shews the striking analogy, to notice their poetry ; for it is a fact, which adds greatly to the literary honours of the Hindoo sages, that they studied both poetry and music as men of science, laying down rules which prove how very capable they were of reducing to a system, whatever was the object of human search. The

Hindoo poetry, as might be expected, abounds in the most extravagant metaphor, and the most licentious images, which renders it difficult to give them in a literal translation. Of extravagant metaphor the following are a few examples :—

'“ Your glory so far exceeds the splendour of the sun, that his services are no longer necessary.”

'“ If there had been no spots in the moon, his face might, perhaps, have borne a comparison with thine, (addressing a beautiful person).”

'“ That person has discharged his arrow with such force, that even thought cannot pursue it.”

'“ Compared with thy wealth, O Mandhata ! Kooveru, the god of riches, is starving.”

'“ Thy beauty and modesty resemble the lightning in the heavens—now flashing, and now passing away.”

'“ This (a beautiful female) is not a human form : it is Chundru (the moon) fallen to the earth through fear of the dragon.”

'“ The fall of this (great man) is as if Indru had fallen from heaven.”

The following description of terror in a deer, pursued by its enemy, is very powerful :—

Up-tarts, and onward bounds, the affrighted deer,
While the pursuing chariot rolls along.
The fugitive now and again looks back,
As on he moves, to mark the distance
Betwixt him and death : his hinder parts
A passage force into his very chest ;
His sighs permit the half-devoured grass
To fall upon the ground—his springing legs
Scarce touch the earth.'

Our next extract is descriptive of winter :—

'This season, as a king, with the cold winds for his retinue, advances from Himalayu to conquer the earth—he destroys the pride of the most powerful : the lord of day, filled with fear, takes refuge in the south-east ; every morning the shivering wretch, raising his head, seeks him in vain ; day, mourning the loss of his lord, constantly wastes away ; the water-lily, having lost her beloved, ashamed hides her head beneath the waters ; fire, having lost all his energy, retires to the cottage of the poor, covering himself with rags, so that even the starving wretch sets him at defiance.'

We conclude with the following descriptions of a female, which will be found to surpass all the extravagant things said by the most extravagant of modern poets, as much as they outstrip most of them in beauty :—

'This beautiful nymph is nothing less than an archer ; her eye-brows form the bow ; the two extremities of her eyes, the bow-string ; and her eyes, the arrow. Whom does she seek to wound ? My deer-formed heart.

Another.—Thy eyes have been formed of the blue nymphaea ; thy face from the lotus ; thy teeth from the flowers of the pubescent jasmine ; thy lips from the budding leaves of the spring ; and from the yellow colour of the chumpu, the whole body.—Wherefore, then, has Vidhata made thy heart hard as a stone ?

Another.—Thine eyes have completely eclipsed those of the deer. why then add kajulu ? Is it not enough that thou destroy thy victim, unless thou do it with poisoned arrows ?

Imitation of a couplet, sent from Gour, by Luksmunu-senu, to his father Bullalu-senu, the Emperor of Delhi, on hearing of the Emperor's attachment to a female of low cast.

Thy cooling pow'r, O Water, all confess,
But most the pilgrim wand'ring o'er the sands :
His parched lips in strains of rapture bless
The cooling cheering draught from thine indulgent hands.

Thy spotless purity, O virgin fair,
The pearly dew-drop on the lotos shews,
And, touched by thee, though sinking in despair,
Nations as pure become as Himalayun snows.

Nor do thy virtues here their limits find,
Nymph of the chrystal stream, but thou dost bless
With life, and health, and pleasure, all mankind,
Found at the crowded ghaut, or in the wilderness.

Should'st thou then seek the swift descending way,
Ah! who shall interpose, or who thy progress stay?"

The great length to which this review has extended, prevents us from making further extracts, and of the excellence of the work we have already recorded our opinion. The object of the benevolent author has been to give such an *exposé* of the present state of the Hindoos as to induce the British government to make every effort to free them from the degrading shackles with which superstition has fettered them, and to enable them to rise to the dignity of men. He has proved they are capable of intellectual improvement, and has shewn the beneficial results that have already arisen from it, in such a manner, we trust, as to induce the greatest exertions to carry on the good work already so happily commenced.

The Juvenile County Atlas; being a set of County Maps, on Cards, shewing the whole of the Turnpike Roads, Great Rivers, Navigable Canals, &c. Adapted for the Instruction of Youth in English Geography. Fifty-three Cards in a Case. London, 1820.

As the season is fast approaching when cards and Christmas boxes will become fashionable, we recommend the Juvenile Atlas as a very acceptable present to youth; for, while it affords an agreeable game, it will teach a geographical knowledge of the country, instruction which will not be acquired by games of whist, loo, or piquet. The Atlas consists of fifty-two cards—each one representing some county of England or Wales, and one, of the counties united. The Atlas is neatly coloured, and, allowing for the small scale on which it is necessarily constructed, is as comprehensive as possible.

Original Communications.

THE USE OF THE TOES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—In your last number I observed an extract from Mr. Ward's work in which he praises the Hindoos for the excellent use they make of their toes. It is not that the toes of an European are less pliable than those of a Hindoo, but custom has not required their use. There are instances, however, in which I believe the former has far outstript the Hindoo in their application to the useful purposes of life as a substitute for the hands. About ten years ago, there was living, near Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, a man, of the name of Kingston, who was born without arms or shoulders. He possessed, without the usual appendage of arms, all the power, strength, and dexterity of the ablest men. He took his own food, dressed and undressed himself, combed his hair, shaved himself with the razor in his toes, cleaned his shoes, lighted his fire, wrote out his own bills and accounts, and did almost every other domestic business. Being a far-

mer by occupation, he performed the usual business of the field; foddered his own cattle, made his ricks, cut his hay, caught his horse, saddled and bridled him with his feet and toes; he could lift two and a half bushels of beans with his teeth. With his feet he could throw a sledge hammer (a common amusement in Somersetshire) farther than any other man could with his arms, and he has, oftener than once, fought a stout battle and come off victorious. Where is the Hindoo that can do this? Should these facts, which are well known in Somersetshire, (and I doubt not but the man is still alive,) be deemed worthy a place in the *Literary Chronicle*, I shall be happy to see their insertion, and remain, Your's, &c. WM. CHARLTON.

A DAY AT MADRID.

From a Picture of Madrid, taken on the spot, by Christian Augustus Fisher.—Translated from the German.

I WAKE—'tis four o'clock in the morning! The whole broad street of Alcali is spread before me like an immense square; churches, palaces, and convents; at the further end, the shady walks of the Prado—a grand sublime sight, baffling description.

The matin bell announces the early mass, the streets become more animated; veiled women, in black, men in long brown cloaks, with cedissalas, wearing their hair in a kind of net work, hanging low down their back. The doors of all the balconies open, and water is sprinkled out before every house.

Now the goat keepers, with their little herds, enter the gates, crying, milk, milk! goat's milk! fresh and warm! who will have any?—There I see market women pass by with their asses, loaded with vegetables, bakers with bread in carts made of Spanish reed; water carriers and porters hastening to commence their day's work; while, with a hoarse voice, two consequential looking alguazils proclaim the thefts committed on the preceding night.

By degrees, all the warehouses, shops, and booths, are opened. The publicans (tabernecos) expose their wine cups; the chocolate women get their pots ready; the water carriers begin to chaunt their 'Quin bebe?' (who'll drink?) and the hackney coach and hackney chaise drivers, with the persons who let mules for hire, take their usual stands.

Soon the whole streets resound with various cries of numberless criers—Cod, white cod! Onions, onions, from Garcia! Walnuts, walnuts, from Biscay! Oranges, oranges, from Murcia! Hot smoked sausages from Estremadura! Tomatoes, large tomatoes! Sweet citrons, sweet citrons! Barley water! Ice water! A new Journal! A new Gazette! Water melons! Long Malaga raisins! Olives, olives, from Seville! Milk rolls, fresh and hot! Grapes, grapes! Figs, new figs! Pomegranates, pomegranates, from Valencia!

It strikes ten; the guards mount: dragoons, Swiss regiments, Walloon guards, Spanish infantry, 'A los ples vin Donne Manuela!' (Let us go to mass.)

All the bells are ringing, all the streets are covered with rock roses, rich carpets hanging from every balcony, and altars raised on every square, under canopies of state. The procession sets out. What a number of neat little angels, with paste boards wings, covered with gilt paper! Images of saints, with fine powdered bob wigs, and robes of gold brocade! What swarms of priests! How many beautiful girls! all pleasant and in mixed groupings.

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Youth

The clock proclaims noon-day. We return through the square of the Puerto del Sol. All the rifas, (raffles) have begun, all the hackney waiters are busy, and the whole square thronged with people.

One o'clock—we are all called to dinner; a great deal of saffron; many love apples, plenty of oil and pimento; but then, wine from La Mancha; oil, Xeres and Malaga! What a fine thing is Spanish cookery!

La Siesta! La Siesta! Senores! A deadly silence is in all the streets; all the window shutters are put up or the curtains let down; even the most industrious porter stretches his length on his mat, and falls asleep at the fountain, with his pitcher behind him.

At four o'clock every body repairs to the bull fight, to the Canal, or to the Prado: all is gaiety and merriment, one equipage after another driving, full speed, to those places of diversion.

The Puerto del Sol becomes as crowded as before, and the water carriers, and the orange women, are all as busy as bees.

Thus passes the afternoon; and the dusky shades of evening set in at last. All the bells ring, and every Spaniard says the prayer of salutation to the virgin.

Now all hasten to the tertulias and theatres, and, in a few minutes, the rattling of carriages resounds in every street. The lamps before the houses of the images of the Virgin, are already lighted; the merchants and dealers have illuminated their houses and shops, and the sellers of ice water and lemonade, their stalls. Every where are seen rush-lights and paper lanthorns on the tables of fruit women and cake men.

Meanwhile, the crowd on the square has prodigiously increased, and it is soon stowed with people. In one part, you will hear the soft sounds of the guitar, or senu filla; in another, a female ballad singer tells, in rhyme, the tale of the last murder committed; in a third, a thundering missionary attempts to move the hearts of obdurate sinners, while the light-footed cyprian corps carry off his audience by dozens. Soon passes the rosary and tattoo with music, and the equipages return from the theatres.

It grows still later; the crowds begin to disperse,—by one o'clock in the morning, all the streets are still and quiet, and only here and there resounds a solitary guitar, through the solitary gloom of night.

Sketches of Life and Character,

BY HER PRESENT MAJESTY, QUEEN CAROLINE.

(Continued from p. 730.)

YOUTH.

NATURE has marshalled all the sensibilities of youth on the side of virtue. Even the external countenance, sympathising with the internal sentiment, proclaims to the sagacious spectator, the repugnance which the juvenile conscience feels on the first ingress into the confines of vice.

Generous sentiments and benevolent habits are ever amiable; but they are doubly interesting when exhibited in the freshness of youth. * * *. Let the youth of the metropolis be impressed with this conviction,—that truth will always ultimately triumph over falsehood,—justice over injustice, and humanity over oppression. * * *. Youth is apt to be dazzled by exterior appearances, and

to pursue phantoms for realities; but let the experience of a Queen teach them, that no exterior possessions can produce happiness, where they are not united with internal satisfaction; and there can be no internal satisfaction which is not inspired by the consciousness of integrity. Iniquity may look gay for a season; but always precarious and usually fugitive, must be that florid tint upon the surface, where the canker has penetrated to the heart.—'Answer to the Address from the Youths of the Metropolis.'

TRUE HAPPINESS.

No one who has taken a large and comprehensive view of the happiness or the misery that prevails in the different conditions of life, would desire power, except as the means of enlarging his sphere of usefulness. Happiness by no means keeps pace with the successive aspirings of ambition; but still it may be increased by the additions which we are able to make to the stock of private or of public felicity.—'Answer to the Address from Bury St. Edmund's.'

THE LAWS.

Laws are made to be observed; and in a limited monarchy, the observance of the law is as obligatory on the monarch as on the most humble of his subjects. Where obedience is required, the law knows no partialities; it makes no distinction between high and low,—between rich and poor; all are alike in the law. That equality which can never be realized in the circumstances of life, is no chimerical supposition with respect to that submission to the laws, which is binding on every member of the state.—'Answer to the Address from the Law Clerks.'

THE PEOPLE.

When the people are firmly united, the predominant sway of any faction must soon be at an end. In those countries in which public opinion has any force, no faction can well acquire the ascendant, except by sowing dissension, and scattering strife through the rest of the community. As long as the people are united, they must be strong, and their adversaries weak.—'Answer to the Address from the Leather Dressers.'

When all the powers of a state are vested in persons who are advocates for an arbitrary domination, the friends of liberty may well catch the alarm. There are times in which it is even wise to fear the worst. The people, who are omnipotent when united, are powerless without union.—'Answer to Address from the Ward of Cripplegate Within.'

TRUE LOYALTY.

If praise be most acceptable from the praiseworthy, no sovereign can be more highly extolled than by the affectionate approbation, and the heartfelt homage of the most industrious part of the community. The best way for sovereigns to secure the affections of their subjects, is to be not only in profession, but in principle, friends to the liberties of the people. If sovereigns would study to support those liberties, they would receive that genuine unsophisticated homage, in the consciousness of which they would find more unfeigned satisfaction, and more certain security, than in accumulating fortresses or in bristling bayonets.—'Answer to the Address from the Brass-founders and Braziers.'

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

The members of the Holy Alliance might have spared themselves the pain of uniting, for the preser-

vation of their power, if they had been sufficiently good or wise to consider the liberty of the people as their safeguard, and their affection as the most certain means of preserving every existing dynasty.—‘Answer to the Address from the Brassfounders.’

MORALITY OF PRINCES.

If the standard of moral or intellectual fitness be applied to any situation which the constitution has not made elective, there is more reason for applying it to the office of the King than to the dignity of the Queen. The aggressors upon the rights of the Queen to-day, may presume to lay their disloyal hands upon the sacred functions of the King to-morrow: and when power can once support itself by precedent, experience shows that it is not apt to be very moderate in its bounds.—‘Answer to the Address from the Goldsmiths, &c. of the Metropolis.’

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

The public press in this country tends to give unity to public sentiment, in a degree that never existed before in any country in the world. The facilities of communication between all parts of the kingdom, are now so great, that the sentiments which the public prints diffuse through the metropolis to-day, is in the course of the morrow or the next day, transmitted to almost every part of England, and in less than a week to the most remote parts of Britain. The metropolis is the centre, which soon vibrates the sentiment with something like the rapidity of electricity to the extremities; and the sentiments at the extremities or in any of the less remote parts, is in the same manner vibrated back upon the metropolis. The state, though composed of so many remote and disjointed parts, is thus, in a high degree, individuated; and means are thus afforded for ascertaining with great certainty, on any subject of general interest or importance, the genuine sentiments and real feelings of the people.—‘Answer to the Address from Haverfordwest.’

OPPRESSION.

That heart must have been rendered callous by habit, or hardened by long intercourse with the world, which does not instantly revolt at the recital of any case in which falsehood, injustice, and inhumanity, have been employed for the destruction of an individual. What is true,—what is just,—what is humane, is always in unison with the better sympathies of mankind, while the opposite to these never fail in a greater or less degree, to excite disapprobation or to provoke abhorrence.—‘Answer to the Address of the Youths of the Metropolis.’

THE CONSTITUTION.

There is a large mass of morbid matter in the constitution, which has been long operating against the rights of the people and the prosperity of the country. This corrupting influence is, and has for many years been, in a state of progressive increase, till it has hardly any sound part in the body politic. The system could not have existed with such an incorporated mass of corruption, unless the original materials of the constitution had been of the most solid and durable kind. The trial by jury and the liberty of the press, are two parts of the fabric that have most powerfully contributed to preserve the rest. If these were taken away, the liberty we should have left would be so small as to be an almost invisible quantity; tyranny would be predominant; it is now of sufficiently alarming dimensions, but it would then rise into a gigan-

tic magnitude, beneath which the people must crouch as humble menials or obsequious slaves.—‘Answer to the Address from Fairford, in Gloucestershire.’

THE SOCIAL UNION.

The principle of benevolence was implanted in the breast of man as the means of perfecting the social union. In proportion as this principle is predominant in any assemblage of persons, the social union must be improved; and if such a principle could be universalized, it would supersede the severity of legal restraint, and the rigours of penal law. The happy effect of this principle, when it pervades small unions or incorporations of men, is a presage of the blessed results that would ensue if it were diffused through any large portion of the body politic. What, then, would be the glorious effect if this principle were predominant in the councils of nations?—‘Answer to the Address from various Lodges of Odd Fellows.’

RELIGION.

The age of vague phrases is past; mankind have begun to know the true meaning of words, and are no longer to be cheated by a sound; they know that the better part of religion is charity.—‘Answer to the Address from Huntingdon.’

THE PUBLIC MIND.

The present moral and political aspect of the public mind, is highly gratifying, not only to every lover of his country, but of his species. * * *. The present excitement in the public mind, to which no former period can furnish any thing like a parallel, is a complex feeling arising out of the hatred of oppression, on one side, and the love of liberty on the other. The one will not endure tyranny, and the other tends to establish that political freedom without which there is nothing elevating in the sentiments, or cheering in the social state of man.—‘Answer to the Address from the Journeymen Bakers.’

Original Criticisms

ON THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS OF THE THEATRES
ROYAL DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

No. VI.—Mr. TERRY.

‘From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.’

SHAKESPEAR.

WE have placed Mr. Terry under the head of tragedy, notwithstanding his frequent and excellent representations of comedy; we have done so, however, because his best performances are of that mongrel genius which belong half to tragedy, and half to comedy. It may be recollected that this gentleman first appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, during the season of 1812, in several characters; and those of a nature so varied, and so dissimilar, as to prove the versatility of his powers. His success, at that theatre, was so great, that the managers of Covent Garden were induced, at the commencement of the season 1813, to enter into an engagement with him. He, accordingly, made his first appearance in the character of Leon. The play of ‘Rule a Wife and Have a Wife’ is, in our opinion, a very disagreeable one; the fable is evidently taken from Shakespear’s ‘Taming the Shrew;’ there is no moral interest in it, nor are we able to take any interest in the weal or woe of Leon, who is lit-

the better than an impostor: he deceives a woman into a marriage, knowing her to be a wanton, and that for the sake of paltry lucre; it is he that is the deceiver; it is he, not Margaretta, that turns out differently from our expectations. With all our objections, however, to the play, we must confess that Mr. Terry gave the character much more effect than we could have imagined it capable of receiving; the applause with which he was greeted was certainly well merited. His Shylock is an extremely fine performance; the interview with Tubal, his despair at losing 'his daughter and his ducats,' his fiend-like revenge on finding Antonio in his power, the whole of the judgment scene, and the look which he casts on Gratiano at his exit, are all greatly conceived, and admirably executed. We would advise Mr. Terry never again to attempt the character of Marrall,—he is completely out of his element; Marrall is an instance of confined comic humour; his ideas never wander beyond the ambition of being the implicit drudge of another's knavery or good fortune: the humour of this character is very little, and Mr. Terry makes it still less. We see him, with pleasure, in those characters for which he is, by nature, adapted: Sir Fretful Plagiary is one of these,—it is a performance which has proved his thorough knowledge of the human heart, and which has given the true spirit to one of the most original characters throughout the whole range of the drama. Nothing can be more excellent than his look when the severe criticism is detailed by his malicious friends: his countenance exhibits a mixture of oil and vinegar, in which the acid predominates; his whole frame becomes restless, tremulous, and uneasy, and the sudden drop of his smile, when unable longer to endure the virulence of the sarcasm, complete the picture. His manner of speaking of his 'damn'd good-natured friends,' is irresistibly comic. His Old Mirabel and Sir Francis Gripe are very correct and natural performances; nor must we forget his Major Oakley, Mr. Green, Old Dornton, Hardcastle, Governors Heartall and Tempest, Polonius, and Siccus Dentatus (which latter character is nothing more than a poor imitation of Shakespear's Menenius,) all of which are marked by a chaste and temperate humour. His Colonna, in Evadne, which has been allotted him since Mr. Young's secession, is extremely good. His blunt admonitions, his jealousy of honour, his rage at imputed indignity, his vengeance, and relenting misgivings, are all excellent. It is a perfect conception of character, embodied in a spirited and discriminating execution. His Prospero is, in parts, very good; the majestic dignity of the princely enchanter, conscious of his virtue, his wrongs, and his supernatural power, are displayed with that proud composure which is one of the peculiar properties of this actor; it is, however, lamentable that, for the love of singularity, he should have fallen into Mr. Kemble's pronunciation,—converting the word aches into aitches, he was deservedly hissed for it. There is no rule for pronunciation but custom, and to be novel merely for the sake of novelty belongs neither to genius nor to judgment. Mr. Terry's general style of acting is altogether propense to the dry, the cold, and the acrimonious; in the characters of testy age, of sarcastic misanthropy, and of splenetic humour, he has no superior. These, however, are the antipodes of the good-natured gaiety, the unvaried punning, and the jocose philosophy of Falstaff;—yet we have rarely seen any debut in the part, which pleased us more. His stern and sardonic humour was

happily rounded into the rich merriment of the knight, and his judgment in intermingling the gay with the grave well deserved the applause which was showered down on the whole performance. His soliloquy on honour was delivered in a clever medium, between the perpetual joke of some of his prototypes, and the stubborn gravity of others. His rising from beside Percy was admirable, and the emphasis he laid on the formidable word 'Disembowel,' inimitable. We should hope that he has fully established himself in the character. Sir Sampson Legend, and Buckingham, cold-minded and selfish, find in him excellent representatives; but he is too much of a gentleman to give due effect to the low vulgarity and rascality of Peachum; the quarrel, however, with Lockit is very well. We are sorry that we cannot give even partial commendation to his Lord Ogleby; to those who have seen the late Mr. King or Mr. W. Farren in the character, it must appear a most unfortunate failure: he was always in extremes; if the old man undertook to be gallant or gay, he became noisy and boisterous; if he was arrested in his gaiety by a sudden twinge of the gout or twist of palsy, he sunk into an agony as impotent as if his last hour had arrived. The same remarks may, in part, be applied to his Sir Peter Teazle; he had better keep to his old character, Sir Oliver Surface, in which he is truly admirable. We cannot laud such bathos of ambition as would tempt him to play Doctor Pangloss and King Lear with equal ability and a view to excite equal admiration. In the former character he gives us none of the volubility peculiar to Fawcett and Harley; there is nothing amusing in his obsequious tutor,—he gives us the idea of the servile pedant, ready to say or do any thing for money, but he is too much wrapped up in his learned importance; there is too much stiff solemnity, too much slowness of action; in the latter character he is entitled to very little commendation; we had, besides, too recently seen Mr. Kean in the same part, and they are no more alike than 'We to Hercules.' Mr. Terry is, in our opinion, an important acquisition to Covent Garden; his talents are very considerable, and chastened by sound judgment, and a thorough knowledge of the stage; his countenance is capable of great animation, but his voice wants flexibility, and is somewhat harsh; we would, however, advise this gentleman studiously to avoid imitation, 'We hate e'en Kemble thus at second hand;' let him be neither Kemble nor any other tragedian,—let him be nature, and we venture to affirm that he will be every thing that his most ardent wishes can desire. W. H. PARRY.

Original Poetry.

FROM MOLIERE.

Ah! qu'il est doux, belle Sylvie,
Ah! qu'il est doux de s'enflammer!
Il faut retrancher de la vie
Ce qu'on en passe sans aimer.
Ah! les beaux jours qu'amour nous donne,
Lorsque sa flamme unit les cœurs!
Est-il ni gloire ni couronne
Qui vaille ses moindres douceurs?

TRANSLATION.

Ah, this is sweet to Sylvia's name!
And this is sweet to feel the flame!
Life without love is never blest,—
And love with life's our dearest guest!

Ah! the fine days love us can give,
When hearts inspir'd are join'd to live;
Is it nor glory nor a crown
To those who Love's least sweet things own?
August, 1820. J. R. P.

MOURNFUL REFLECTIONS.

WHY do I fondly cherish sorrow?
Why yield to melancholy's sway?
And gloomy thoughts from mem'ry borrow,
To shade and blacken every lay?
Because there is a pleasing sadness
In musing o'er the ills of life,—
To me more dear than all the gladness
I've reap'd from folly, noise, and strife.
The sparkling bowl around me foaming,
Imparts to me no true delight;
For still my thoughts are ever roaming
On prospects now no longer bright.
The sons of pleasure foot it lightly,—
Joy animates each happy face,—
Whilst lovely woman, fair and sprightly,
Adds sweet endearments to the place.
But these are scenes that cannot please me,
They suit not with the tortur'd soul,—
To solitudes I'll fly to ease me,
And nature shall with me condole.
Oft let me stray when Luna's shining
Serenely from a fleecy cloud;
And Philomel her fate repining,
Vents to the groves her grief aloud.
I'll set within some craggy dwelling,
Where never mortal sat before,
And while with woe my breast is swelling,
Deceitful pleasures ponder o'er.
I'll think of many a heart that's stilled,
That nobly felt for others woes,
With tender sympathy oft thrilled,
Now shrouded in the grave's repose.
I'll think on bliss that's gone for ever,
Till horror, with her gloomy train,
Comes rushing o'er me like a fever,
E'en threat'ning reason's fair domain.
Ah! what can mitigate the anguish
Eternally I'm doom'd to feel,—
Alas! in solitude I languish,
And find it has no balm to heal.
On the cold ground, beneath a willow,
My midnight vigils oft I'll keep;
The sky my covering, earth my pillow,
Till death shall close my eyes in sleep.
Nov. 2nd, 1820. G. I. R.

WINTER'S HOLIDAY.

Now the north wind sweeps around us,
And our babes are sleeping;
Now our home and loves have found us
Without sighs or weeping:
We will be happy while we may,
For this is winter's holiday.
Cheer the fire, recharge your glasses
Spread with cards the table;
Cut and deal with skilful lasses,
Young and old, all able:
And gamble not, but joke and play,
Since this is winter's holiday.

Or tell old tales that make us tremble,
Sing the chorus carol,
Praise the good, but not dissemble,
Taste the fav'rite barrel;
For the clock strikes, and will not stay,
Though this is winter's holiday.
Sing a pleasant song for laughter,
Take your partner's glancing,
And keep your footsteps ever after
Love's own antic dancing;
For misseltoe and holly say
This is winter's holiday.
Underneath the rosy berry
And the pearly branches,
Let kisses press the lips so merry
And hearts make fond advances,
To keep affection true and gay
Through every season's holiday.
Then months may run, and years receding
Human blessings cherish;
Love, wine, and pleasure, passions feeding,
Virtue cannot perish,—
But life, like time, will pass away
In one eternal holiday. J. R. P.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new melodrama, from the pen of Mr. Walker, the successful author of *Wallace*, was produced on Saturday night, entitled, '*The Warlock of the Glen*.' The scene is laid in the highlands of Scotland; and the incidents, though highly romantic, are replete with interest. The following is a brief sketch of the story:—

Clanronald, (Connor,) a scottish noble, has usurped the domains of his brother, the Laird of Glencairn, and gives out that he had been killed in battle; but the suspicion was freely circulated among his tenants, that he had assassinated him on his return from the wars. His nephew, Aldelbert, (Master Boden,) and the rightful heir, he keeps closely confined, together with Adela, (Mrs. Faucit,) his mother, on whom he imposes still closer restraint, under the plea of insanity. An assemblage of the peasantry takes place to celebrate the wedding of Sandie, (Blanchard,) and Marian, (Miss Beaumont). At this moment the countess escapes from confinement, and, rushing into the midst of them, with her son in her arms, demands protection for their rightful laird. She is pursued by Clanronald and his followers, but after escaping from them by the desperate expedient of throwing herself, from a rock, into the sea, the countess and her child again fall into his hands, and the boy is conveyed to a solitary spot near the abbey of Glencairn, with orders from Clanronald to murder him. This place had been previously appointed the rendezvous between Andrew, (Farley,) a fisherman, and a mysterious being called The Warlock of the Glen, (Abbott,) with the view of communicating a secret of deep interest to the house of Glencairn. The child is rescued from his murderer, and the Warlock reveals that he is, himself, the brother of Clanronald, supposed to have been murdered, and Andrew recognises his lawful master. By his knowledge of a subterranean passage to the castle of Glencairn, the Warlock obtains entrance at the moment Clanronald, supposing the infant murdered, is about to complete his villainy, by forcing the countess to a precipitate marriage. His first impulse is to attempt to stab his brother, thus unexpectedly discovered, but he is overpowered, and the Warlock, the rightful laird, is triumphant; and regains his estate, his wife, and child.

Some of the situations and incidents in this piece are very striking; particularly those scenes in which the

countess of Glencairn appeared amongst the peasantry, at the wedding, and when she throws herself, from a rock, into the sea, to escape the pursuit of the usurping laird. The dialogue is, generally, good; and several passages shewed that the author is neither deficient in fluency of diction, nor in fertility of imagination. The acting is entitled to much praise, particularly that of Mrs. Faucit, in the Countess, and Abbott, as the Warlock. Blanchard and Miss Beaumont gave a good representation of Scotch peasantry; and Miss E. Dennet danced a pas seul, in the first act, which was very warmly applauded. The scenery is splendid, and the music appropriate. The piece was completely successful, and has been repeated every evening.

DRURY LANE.—Shakespear's play of *Julius Cæsar* was performed, for the first time, at this theatre on Thursday night, with a degree of success which is likely to ensure it many repetitions. Mr. Wallack was the Brutus of the evening; but, as he is neither a classical scholar nor a classical actor, he gave a very imperfect representative of the noble Roman. Mr. Cooper was more successful in the character of Mark Antony, and delivered the celebrated oration over the dead body of Cæsar with great judgment and animation. Mr. Booth played Cassius with much spirit. The other characters were well cast; and the scenery was appropriate.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The managers of this compact little theatre have increased their powerful dramatic corps, by enlisting into their services the public's old favourite, Mr. Dowton. On Monday, he appeared as The Brown Man, in the excellent piece with that title, and on Thursday, in King Arthur, in *Tom Thumb*. A succession of lively pieces, well acted, nightly attract very respectable audiences, and will, we presume, amply reward the proprietors for their liberal entertainments.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Voyage of Discovery.—The following particulars relating to the interesting course of the Discovery Ships are communicated by an officer who accompanied the expedition.

It was on the 11th of May that the *Hecla* and *Griper* left England. In the middle of June they first fell in with ice, and at the latter end of that month they were beset by it, while making for the west coast of Davis's Straits. After some little time the ships were liberated, and they steered northward along the edge of the ice, which led them up to Disco-island, and no appearance of any opening in it was discovered. In lat. 72° 30' N. they fell in with a whaler, which reported that the ice was blocked against the land in 74° N. which determined the commander of the expedition to take the ice at the above spot. Accordingly they commenced, and persevered in warping and heaving through between the floes, when, being aided by a strong easterly wind, which opened the ice a little, they were enabled to force their way through, with all sails set. They were frequently stopped in their arduous exertions, from which they liberated themselves by sawing the ice. This passage was never before attempted, and is a circumstance of great importance to whalers. They were now in clear water, and saw no ice again until they made Lancaster's Sound, where it ap-

peared in small open streams. They made this Sound on the 1st of August, and, having a fair wind, they steered up it, with every yard of canvass set, but all the time they were in the greatest anxiety. At length, on the spot where Captain Ross, the former navigator, had placed Croker Mountains, they struck soundings, 200 fathoms, and passed it. Hopes now again revived, especially as, in proceeding, the Strait was found neither too close nor too open. They now ran to the meridian of 90° W., when having lost sight of the south shore, and having a long swell, they concluded they had reached the Polar Basin; but, in stretching across the Strait, they were stopped, just before night, by the ice. There being appearance of water to the southward, they steered in that direction, and discovered an inlet, which they called Prince Regent's Inlet. The flood tide coming from the south, it was considered probable that this inlet communicated with Hudson's Bay; the ships, therefore, it not being the object of the expedition to trace to that source, returned to the spot where they had been stopped by the ice. Finding, on their return, that the ice had, in some degree, cleared away, they again proceeded west, but the ice became so close as to leave only a narrow channel close along the shore; and they were frequently stopped altogether, when northerly winds generally opened it again. On the 4th of September, they reached Copper-Mine Roads. Previous to this, the variation had changed from 124° W. to 166° E., the ships having, as was supposed, crossed the magnetic meridian in about 120° W.: as the compasses there showed the ships' heads to be N. E. on all tacks, they judged themselves at no great distance from the magnetic Pole. The compasses had indeed been perfectly useless from the time of their passing Lancaster's Sound, which obliged them to steer by the sun when it was out, and how they could when it was not; often laying-to when the fog was thick, as a change of wind would sometimes clear the atmosphere sufficiently for the sun to penetrate it. One morning, having run about 100 miles in a thick fog, they made the land, but could not tell whether it was a new discovery, or the island which they had left the day before, until the longitude was ascertained upon a floe of ice. it then proved to be Melville Island. Considerable discoveries were made in the variation, dip of the compass, and magnetism, in general, during the voyage. On the 16th of September, the sea was first frozen over, which carried the ships into dangerous situations, and rendered them immovable. This obliged them to get into port for the winter, and a passage of three miles, into Winter-harbour, Melville-island, was cut for the purpose. Soon after this period, the thermometer fell below Zero; in November, it stood at 50 below, and, in April following, at 55, which latter is the greatest degree of cold ever registered. On the 16th of November, the sun set from them, and did not rise again till the 6th of February. On the 21st of December, at noon, they could just read small print by turning the leaf to the light. They saw no clouds during the winter, and but little snow fell. The *Aurora Borealis* was frequently seen, but never brilliantly displayed. It was bitter cold when the wind blew, but at other times bearable. Its intensity may be judged of from the fact that port wine, in the officers' cabins, froze, and burst the bottles; and on the officers' beds the thermometer stood from 16 to 20 deg. below the freezing point. At Melville Isle, the ships were blocked up until the 1st of August, when, the first opportunity that presented, they

pushed out, and on the 6th, reached the western termination of Melville Island, when the floe ice was from 40 to 60 feet thick, and so compact that not a hole of water could be seen amongst it. The ships waited here 11 days (one-third of the summer in that clime); when, seeing no change, and the general opinion being that all attempts to proceed westward, in that parallel were useless, they, on the 23rd of August, steered to the eastward, searching for a passage to the southward, that would enable them to reach the continent of North America; but, finding none, and the ice having led them back into Lancaster's Sound, it was determined to return to England. During the eleven days the ships were off Melville Island they were in the most critical situation, being obliged to dodge the ice round a point of land the whole time, to avoid being nipped: the beach was formed of ice, which projected under water more than thirty yards, having about two fathoms water on the outer edge of it, against which the ships lay in nine fathoms; so that, had they been stove, they would have sunk deeper than their masts down, and nothing could have been saved.—*Portsmouth Paper.*

A match for the Sea Serpent.—A few days ago, an eel, of the common species, but of extraordinary dimensions, got entangled in the herring cruive on the Firth of Forth, near Higgins' Neuk. On being approached by the fishermen, it flapped its tail most violently, and, had it struck any one of them, there is no doubt he would have forfeited his life for his temerity. Aware of their danger, they cautiously approached it, and, after many efforts, they succeeded in fixing it with a hook to which was attached a cord, and dragged it on shore, where they triumphed over their victim. When measured, it was found to be 18 feet in length, and two feet in girth at the middle.—The skin, which is stuffed, and which, we understand, is in the possession of Mr. Higgins, the proprietor of the cruive, must excite the attention of the naturalist. Part of the fish being dressed, was found to be most delicate eating.—*Stirling Journal.*

Sir Walter Scott has been elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

An account of the discovery of a new continent, called New Shetland, with a description of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, is preparing for publication.

A volume of poems, by S. R. Jackson, containing the Fall of the Crescent, the Buccaneer, and minor pieces, is in the press.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Benevolence Contrasted.—The whole sum collected for the relief of the sufferers at a fire at Ratcliffe, 1794, amounted to about 15,000l., which was supposed adequate to their wants. The readers of the *Literary Chronicle* will, perhaps, be surprised to hear, that the sum collected for the sufferers by the great fire of London, in 1666, amounted only to 16,200l. Making every allowance for the different value of money, this must have been a miserable pittance indeed!

Coals.—It is now 250 years since coals were first conveyed by water on the Severn; the following is literally taken from an old manuscript: 'Anno Domini, 1570, first coals brought downe the River Seavern by barge, by Richard Denoon, of the parish of all Saints' Worcester.' Before that year, it is probable coals were conveyed on pack horses.

Gambler's Wit.—A notorious gamester having, at a game of loo, accumulated a large quantity of fish before him, an opponent observed, that he had got so much, he might commence fishmonger; a bye-stander drily remarked, 'Yes, he may; but his dealings will be confined to flat-fish.'

A learned gentleman, who had failed in an attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament for a borough in Wiltshire, previously to leaving London, mentioned to a friend, that he was going to contest the borough, at the same time affecting to feel a doubt as to his abilities for speaking in the House of Commons, he said, 'I doubt much if I have *calibre* enough for Parliament.'—'Pooh, pooh!' replied the other, 'they will find that you are a great bore.'

There is more liberality in the following whimsical notice, which is posted up in a turnip field, near Stafford, than is usually to be found in such cautions:—

'Take one, take two;—take three,
And I'll take thee.'

'Pray,' said Dr. Pearce to one of the prebendaries, 'what is your time of residence at Rochester?'—'O, my lord,' said he, 'I reside there the *better* part of the year.'—'I am very glad to hear it sir,' replied the good bishop. The fact really was, the doctor resided there only during the week of the audit!

A barrister observing the Lord Chancellor, whom he wished to address, very much engaged with the gazette, said, 'I beg your lordship's pardon—I see you are busy with your harvest.'

An Irish gentleman, not very celebrated for correctness in pecuniary matters, was pressing a friend to lend him a sum of money on his bill. 'But if I advance this, will you repay me punctually?' said his friend. 'By — I will, *with the expense of the protest* and all!'

The following singular bill of fare was copied from the dinner order book, at the Falcon Inn, Gravesend, as ordered by a Dutch captain:—First Course—Pea soup, well boiled, with pork sausages.—2d do.—An omelet of a dozen eggs, and a roasted duck; no *greens* unless new *potatoes* can be had.—Dessert—Bread and butter, red herrings, cream, and biscuits!

Curious Bequest.—The will of a gentleman, which some time since became the subject of litigation, contained the bequest following:—'I gave to my son —, who is at Eaton, and intended for holy orders, my five-years old Belzebub mare.'

Junius and Garrick.—Junius having heard of Garrick's going to the King, at Richmond, with some idle story about him, immediately sent him the following letter: 'To Mr. David Garrick, Nov. 10, 1771.—I am very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and exultation it was received. I knew every particular of it the next day. Now mark me, vagabond,—keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in *my* power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with JUNIUS.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Prior is requested to send to our office.

L's favours in an early number.

'Thoughts on the Foundling,' should have been entitled, 'Thoughts on the Magdalen.' We admire the writer's sentiments, but tales of seduction are not favourites with us.

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